THE WORLD.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, $3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,159,785	77,992
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:
Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Lbs.
1883	1,423,288
1884	4,468,455
1885	8,226,207
1886	12,200,829
1887	15,629,506

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

CLIPPING THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly limiting the Saturday half-holiday to the months of July and August.

For whose benefit was this humane law passed? For that of the toilers. Who asks to have it clipped? The club loungers, the money-lenders, the men who live by other people's labor.

The toilers are many. The loungers and money-shavers are few. The Legislature is not likely to forget this fact.

SITTING ON COMSTOCK.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK's attempt to put petticoats and chest-protectors on the statues and to court-plaster the pictures in Philadelphia, has come to grief.

Prying ANTHONY obtained copies of photographs imported for artists' use by representing himself, it was alleged, as an artist. The prosecuting attorney said that the pictures were "of the highest state of art," and that "any man who says they are obscene ought to go to a less civilized community than Philadelphia." The Judge held that "nude pictures are not necessarily lewd or indecent." All of the accused dealers were acquitted.

The Society for the Prevention of Vice has legitimate good work enough to do. It should not bring itself into contempt by attempting to suppress or to emasculate art.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

It is said of Cashier O'BRIEN, the defaulting fugitive from Auburn, that "his personal character stands the closest investigation," the "only charge against him being that he was passionately fond of poker," and this is modified by the statement that he was "a lucky player, many thousands ahead of the game."

What a simple, truly good life! It is indeed an heroic virtue to always keep "ahead of the game"—especially if you gamble with other people's money.

That Mr. O'BRIEN defaulted and ran away at last would seem to indicate that his reputation was better than his character.

HEAT-PRODUCING FOOD.

To adapt the diet to the weather is one of the arts of living.

Food rich in carbon costs no more than that which is not heat-producing. It should be used in preference during the cold weather.

Bacon, or fat meat of any kind, butter, suet, molasses or sugar, are to the body what coal or wood is to the furnace. Vegetables, grains and fruits are good to make up a variety, but for blizzard-proof "stoking" fats and sweets are best.

The *Sun* (mortgaged) says to-day that "the mercury went down to 60 degrees below zero" and talks of an 88-calibre pistol. As mercury freezes at 32.5 degrees below zero, and a howitzer might not scorn an 88-calibre ball, the emptiness of the *Sun's* (mortgaged) boast of its accuracy is illustrated once more.

The monkey-and-parrot time of the District of Columbia Republicans in choosing delegates (representing no votes) to the Presidential Convention gives a fine send-off to the party of "great moral ideas."

Dakota would be promptly admitted to the Union if she would promise to give up the business of hatching blizzards. Perhaps these disturbances are her protest against being left "out in the cold."

There is a real, live Duke in town, but it is doubtful if he would see the fun in the "real article" in "The Henrietta."

The Senatorial neck at Albany appears to be about six or eight sizes too big for Boss PLATT's brass collar.

Emperor WILLIAM is certainly "pretty well, thank you," once more. He "greatly admired" Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the "cynosure of all eyes," at the opera the other night. So long as an octogenarian can find pleasure in looking at a handsome woman he is in no danger of dying of old age.

It must have given "society" at Washington a great shock to learn that thin ice is no respecter of persons. To almost drown a Count was certainly very uncivil.

HEARD AT THE MORTON HOUSE.

"Say, Stewart, loan me $5."

"No; Bangs has not been here to-night."

"Here comes Floyd Smith and Hugh Kelly."

"Let's go upstairs and play 'Hide the Heart.'"

"It is about time for Tom Rorke to ring the bell."

"Col. Fellows smokes reinas—three for half a dollar."

"P. J. Moriarity is often taken for an Irish Count."

"Police Capt. Clinchy resides at the Westminster."

Prof. Laflin is in favor of a law against cigarette smoking."

"I would rather be a police captain than an Alderman."

"State Senators and Assemblymen get the same salary, $1,500."

Ed Mott is in town and Pennsylvania bear stories are on a strike."

"Shed Shook and Ed Gilmore are having a caucus in a corner."

"Charley Steckler is the youngest Tammany Hall district leader."

"Abe Daniels dislikes to see his name in print. He says he is not seeking notoriety."

"Mr. Shaw Holloway believes in the adage that a house divided against itself will fall."

"That horse in front of that bobtail car is lame. Perhaps the company bought the horse at Guttenburg."

"They tell me that the wigwam boys of the Fourteenth District have been putting on style in their new rooms."

"Neise Waldron is to manage 'The Light on the Point,' a new play in which he is interested. Hope he will make a barrel of money."

WORLDLINGS.

A correspondent writing from New York says that there are more than fifty widows in this city who possess individual fortunes ranging from $1,000,000 to $15,000,000.

Gen. Longstreet, the Confederate soldier, is living at his country seat near Gainesville, Ga. He is said to be growing gray and old, but he is still active and looks after his farm with a watchful eye.

It is said that George Gould does not spend over $1,000 a year on clothes. He is very modest in his taste and always selects good, plain cloth, but is very particular regarding the fit. His younger brother Edwin is more of a dude.

J. W. Phillips, a Chippewa Falls (Wis.) editor, bears a striking physical resemblance to the late Henry Ward Beecher, and when in St. Paul is frequently taken for the distinguished divine by people who forget for the moment that he is dead.

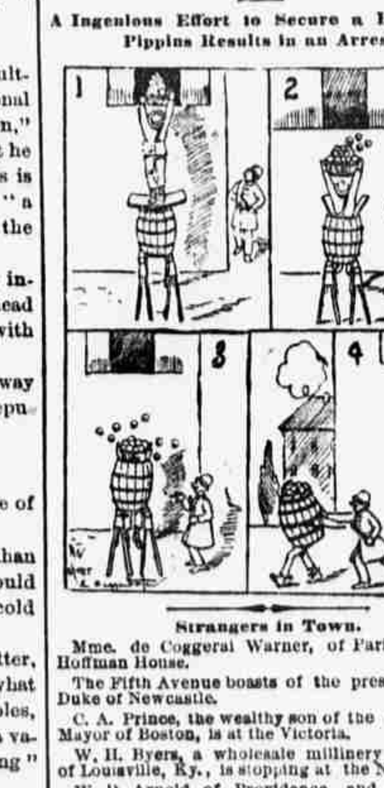
Hastings, Neb., enjoys the distinction of having a Bootblacks' Union which holds regular meetings and transacts volumes of business. When it is discovered that a member has "cut under" the established grade of prices he is promptly blacklisted.

C. W. Stahelin, of Bridgman, Mich., cut down a big red oak tree on his farm the other day, and was surprised, when the tree fell, to see a bear crawl out from a hollow under the roots. Mr. Stahelin killed the bear after a desperate struggle, and found that it weighed 450 pounds.

Alexandria, in Clark County, Mo., was once a famous Gretna Green of the West where hundreds of young couples from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri were united without license and without question. Justice Gillam, now an old resident of Alexandria, was most in demand to tie the knot for the eloping couples and reaped a rich harvest for his pains.

A COMEDY IN FOUR SCENES.

A Ingenious Effort to Secure a Basket of Pippins Results in an Arrest.



Strangers in Town.

Mme. de Coggeral Warner, of Paris, is at the Hoffman House.

The Fifth Avenue boasts of the presence of the Duke of Newcastle.

C. A. Prince, the wealthy son of the wealthy ex-Mayor of Boston, is at the Victoria.

W. H. Byers, a wholesale millinery merchant, of Louisville, Ky., is stopping at the New York.

W. D. Arnold, of Providence, and Charles H. Pearson, of Boston, signed the Victoria's book to-day.

Eugene Tompkins, the Boston theatre owner, is with his brother, Arthur L. Tompkins, at the Brunswick.

At the Albemarle are J. C. Coombs, of Boston, and Samuel C. Eastman, a well-known citizen of Concord, N. H.

At the Morton House are A. L. Grant, of Philadelphia; G. F. Parr, of Chicago, and Louis Haas, of Waterbury, Conn.

William A. Whitney, a dry-goods merchant of Albany, and Major Edward Maguire, United States Engineer, are at the Grand.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Union Square Hotel are H. G. Hayden, of Hartford; John W. Roberts, of San Francisco, and Edward L. Gaul, of Hudson.

Staying at the St. James are ex-Senator Thomas Janney, formerly of Louisiana but now of Baltimore, Md.; Capt. T. W. Baldwin and O. M. Bingham, of Pittsburg.

Recent arrivals at the Everett House include Mrs. Charles Dickens and daughter, Charles S. Forsythe, of Philadelphia; Wm. L. Vail and S. A. Wetmore, of Boston.

William Evans, of Baltimore, Md.; A. H. Jenkins, of Boston; G. L. Noble, of Philadelphia, and W. Hooper Harris, of Nashville, Tenn., are registered at the Grand Central.

Manager William Harris, of Boston; Albert Howard, the clock manufacturer of Boston; George W. Lyon, of Chicago, and John F. Rand, a Portland merchant, are stopping at the Hotel Dam.

Prominent people at the Brunswick: Henry Crawford, lawyer, of Chicago; W. W. Byrinton, the insurance man, of Albany; F. W. Roebling; Arthur Mills, of Boston, and Lieut. G. Bettini, of Paris.

Among others now at the Gilsey House are Robert Willets, of Flushing, L. I., who was one of the original owners of Willets Point; William Wallace, jr., a Montreal lawyer; M. A. Meyendorff, head of the Assayer's Office at Helena, Mon.; C. H. Hyams, a banker of New Orleans, and W. G. Fisher, one of Denver's most prosperous merchants.

A STILL HUNT

In New York's Rotten Row.

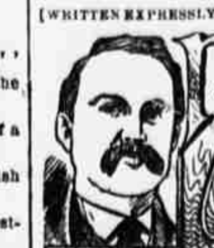
BY

Police Capt. T. R. Reilly,

Of the West Thirtieth Street Station.

PART I.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD."]



NEW YORK is not altogether the city it was. Plenty of the municipal police who have served for twenty years or more on the force can remember dives and ugly spots which used to be centres of evil doing and the haunts of rogues which have now been wiped out. Five Points was once a name which was terrifying throughout the country. That has been whitewashed into quite a respectable neighborhood. "Paradise Park" has a better sound than the Five Points and the locality is as greatly altered as the name.

There were several places that were rivals of the Five Points. I had some experience of one of them in an arrest which I had to make when I was in a precinct further downtown than the one in which I am at present. It was between Canal and Spring streets.

Such a wrack of buildings it would not be easy to find! They are gone now, and a good riddance to them. Old tumble-down houses they used to be. Dark, narrow passageways, small rooms, with twice the number of occupants they could conveniently hold, wooden stairs that were crumbling with age and with break-neck holes in them, and dark corners everywhere. It was called by a happy choice of name for such a woe-begone tumbling lot of buildings, "Rotten Row."

HE BROUGHT DOWN THE BRICK WITH A CRUSHING FORCE.

It was rotten, to the core. Rotten in the hive itself with mouldy woodwork, tumbling brick walls and crazy stairs, and rotten in the tenants, who were cutthroats, thieves, sharps of every kind and a scattering of the "gentler sex," not so much gentler after all.

A stranger who got into this labyrinth and had to find his way round would sooner have had a guide than trust to his own skill. But for somebody who knew the place it was still more of a labyrinthine winding. There were big breaks in the walls, so that a person could make his way through a dozen houses and stray around under cover for quite a district. A man could work through with a little stooping and squeezing from Canal to Spring street.

As the whole lot of tenants were in league, it furnished a good lurking-place for a criminal. A man could stay successfully hidden in this honeycombed raft of houses for days, and a criminal who got in here could escape detection for weeks.

All the sympathies of this beautiful neighborhood were with a criminal. The hands of its habitués were against every one, and the hand of the police was pretty often against them.

A case came up in which "Rotten Row" played a conspicuous part. It was a shelter and for several days a safe refuge for a man whom the law wanted to have a brief interview with. The task of capturing the man, who for reasons of his own was not anxious to have this interview with the law, fell on me. He was a criminal who had fled to "Rotten Row" for sanctuary.

One night a respectable-looking man was carted off in an ambulance from one of the downtown streets to the hospital. He was a respectable middle-aged man who had been kept out late by some business and was making his way through the street, a pretty quiet one at that time of the night, for it was nearly 1, when he heard some one behind him quickening his steps as if to overtake him.

There was no one in sight before him. He glanced around to see who the person was. The only other wayfarer was a stoutly built young fellow with broad shoulders and a bristling mustache. He had a soft felt hat slouched over his face, doubtless for the purpose of concealing his features.

Altogether, this young man was not a very attractive specimen of humanity. He didn't look like a Sunday-school superintendent, nor even like an honest laborer who drew his wages regularly Saturday night and took them home to his wife to have her use them as she saw good in getting clothes for the children or in paying the grocer's bill for the family provisions.

No. He didn't look like that kind of a man. He walked too much with his shoulders. There was a roll in his gait and his hands were in his pockets. He was, in fact, the style of fellow who have their photographs taken not to give around among their friends nor to send to their relatives in the country. When this kind of young man has his taken he is corralled in a room and a camera is pointed at him, a good deal to his disgust. He doesn't try to look natural. Frequently he casts his eyes down and works the muscles of his mouth into an expression that he doesn't carry around with him as a general thing. He is not anxious to have a "perfect likeness." It is going to adorn the photograph album which is hung in a police station, and is meant for the benefit of a class for which the man entertains anything but a hearty liking.

So our respectable friend, who had on a gold watch and heavy gold chain, and had a wad of $200 in his waistcoat pocket, thought he would enjoy the view of this man's back a good deal better than having him in the rear, where his movements couldn't be so well observed.

He lagged a little to allow the fellow to pass. The young fellow swaggered up, and as he was opposite to the gentleman whipped his hands out of his pockets and made a grab for the gold watch and chain. He was so quick that he would have wrenched the chain from the button-hole if it had not been unusually strong. As it was, the gentleman had time to clutch hold of it, and in a state of great alarm he yelled for the police.

The thief, in running his hand into the gentleman's pocket, may have felt the roll of bills. He had probably meant to get away with the watch and let the gentleman go. But when he felt the roll of bills and saw what a respectable-looking man he was he thought it would pay to make a bigger job of it.

There was not much time to be lost. The cries of his victim might reach the ears of a policeman, though there did not happen to be any in sight.

As if to favor the thief, or possibly because he had tried to grab his man at this point, a load of brick was lying near the sidewalk. The young fellow snatched up a brick from the heap and ran after the man, who had broken away from him. He had not much of a start, because grabbing the brick took only a moment, and the young fellow soon overtook him.

He caught hold of the gentleman's vest as he came up and gave such a wrench to it that he fairly tore it half way off. His victim redoubled his cries, and the thief, seeing he had not got what he wanted, and losing patience, brought down his right hand with the brick in it with crushing force on the other one's head.

It broke into his skull and he dropped to the pavement, his legs twitching as if he were in a fit. The young man went through him, relieved him of his watch, the roll of bills and a pocketbook with several valuable papers in it, and made off.

The gentleman was found by the patrolman lying senseless on the sidewalk. An ambulance was summoned, and he was conveyed to the hospital. His brain was injured, and for some time he lay unconscious between life and death, and then had a violent fever.

When he recovered sufficiently he gave such a description of his assailant as he could. A young, strongly built fellow, not more than twenty, with a bristling mustache. His eyes had been too shaded by the hat to tell what color they were, and the gentleman confessed to having been so excited that he did not get a very clear idea of the rascal's appearance.

Most of the prominent crooks of a neighborhood are known to the police. I had some idea of who it might be that had done the thing. I put on citizen's clothes and began to work on the case.

The attack had been made in the neighborhood of Canal street. From the use of the brick I did not believe the thief had meant to inflict any injury on the gentleman, but at first intended, as I said, to snatch his watch and get off with it. At the utmost he had probably thought of nothing more than knocking the man down. But finding that he seemed to be a good subject with plenty of money about him, and seeing the pile of brick at hand, he had adopted the idea of knocking him in the head with the brick in order to paralyze him, and if it killed him that was not a thing that would worry the thief very much.

So I concluded that my man came from somewhere in that neighborhood, and if so, there was no place as likely to be either his residence or his refuge as "Rotten Row."

I hung around there trying to get some clue. I would drop into the beer-saloons and barrooms and listen to the men talk while I pretended to read the papers. Sometimes I would get into conversation with the men that would lounge in for drinks.

There was a cheap eating-house along there, and fellows would often bring in some girl and have supper there. One evening I was in this place, sitting at one of the small tables, near two men who were taking something to eat. While we were there a girl came in alone and walked along with a sort of swagger air to a table in the corner.

The two men followed her with their eyes. Then one of them said in an undertone to the other:

"Isn't that Jim's girl?"

"Used to be," said the other, shortly. "He's got another one now. I hain't seen him with her for a month."

"Where is Jim? I haven't seen him for some time."

"I guess you won't see him for a while. He's layin' low," returned the second fellow.

"Why, what's he ben up to, now?" inquired the first.

"Don't know," was the answer. "But I think he knows something"—— Here the speaker lowered his voice so that I could not catch what he said, although I was listening very attentively. The first man leaned his head over so as to catch what the other said.

"The feller ain't dead, is he?" he inquired audibly enough for me to hear, after the remark was finished.

"Dunno. He was taken to the hospital," said the informant.

The name of one of the fellows whom I suspected of cracking the gentleman on the head with the brick was Jim, and I thought they might be referring to him.

They went out pretty soon, after giving a glance at me as they rose to leave. I went over to the table where the girl sat and engaged her in conversation. She was ready enough to talk. I tried not to say anything to excite her suspicions. I found out she lived in "Rotten Row," and that sometimes she came into this little restaurant to get her supper. I got her to promise to come around the next evening and take supper there, and said I would be there and pay for it.

"I'll come around any time you want to pay the bill," she said with a grin. "It's so much in."

[Part II. To-Morrow.]

Policeman Webb Married.

Patrolman Robert Webb, of the Central Office, a son of Capt. Webb, was married to-day to Miss Katie Cleary, a daughter of the ex-Alderman. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's Church in Barclay street, and was followed by a reception at the Astor House and a bridal tour to Washington. Beautiful flowers and silver gifts were sent from the typewriting office at Police Headquarters, of which Mr. Webb is chief.

IN AN EAST-SIDE COURTROOM.

JUSTICE STECKLER HOLDING THE SCALES OF JUSTICE WITH A FIRM HAND.

Two Hundred and Sixteen Pairs of Trousers Weighed Against Two Machines—Aaron Loeb Tries His Suit On in Court—Lawyer Rosenthal in a Squall—Six Intelligent Citizens in a Box Decide a Case.

The clock in Justice Steckler's court-room asserted that it was 7.45, and intelligent people knew that it was A. M.

Stenographer Redford came in and settled himself in front of his little desk, sharpened a few pencils, and opened a note-book. Interpreter Knocker put his dainty overshoes in a corner, and carefully hung up his hat and coat. Justice Steckler came in from an ante-room, greeted the lawyers with a smile, took his seat on the raised platform, and looked over a bundle of papers.

In the mean time the room was filling up with lawyers, plaintiffs and defendants who were to be the principals in the day's performance, a lot of supers by courtesy called witnesses and a mixed audience of Hebrews, Irishmen, Italians and Germans.

A few women occupied reserved seats. No one complained about their high hats, and most of them wore none at all.

It is 9 o'clock and Crier MacNichol draws himself up to his full height and shouts loud enough for the clerk downstairs to hear him, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, all persons having business in this court will be heard."

Then he sits down with a satisfied look and guards the entrance to the lawyer's cage.

The performance has commenced. Justice Steckler's gavel comes down with a whack on the desk and he says "Karetzky against Katz."

Morris Karetzky is a hard-working man. Joseph Katz is a shirt manufacturer and is being sued for $43.20. Some time ago, according to the plaintiff, Katz hired Karetzky to make 216 pairs of trousers at 20 cents a pair. Karetzky took the material home and made the trousers. He had bought two machines from the defendant, but had not paid for them in full. When the trousers were finished Katz refused to pay for them and Karetzky would not give them up until a marshal was sent around for them.

In his defense Katz said he agreed to pay only fifteen cents a pair for the trousers and stated that Karetzky owed him $24 for the machines. After weighing carefully all the evidence, Justice Steckler decided that the plaintiff was entitled to $43.20, less the $24 owed the defendant. Exit Karetzky smiling and Katz in an unhappy frame of mind.

"Cohen against Loeb," calls Justice Steckler, and the second act of the day's performance begins. Up come the parties to the suit, followed by two lawyers.

Julius M. Cohen, a tailor, is suing Adam Loeb, his brother-in-law, for $67, the value of clothing sold to the defendant.

Cohen went on the stand and testified that his brother-in-law bought a suit of clothes from him, but declined to pay for it, as it did not fit. As Loeb, he said, had insisted on having the clothes built according to his own plans, it was not remarkable that they did not fit, and he thought that he should be paid. Cohen then stepped down, and Loeb took the chair.

He is a little man, slightly deformed. He testified that he did not design the suit, but left that to Cohen, and, as the clothes were a wretched fit, he declined to pay for them.

"Step into the jury-room and put on the suit of clothes, and then I'll be able to form an opinion as to the fit," said the Judge.

Loeb goes to put the clothes on, and while he is out Lawyer Adolph Rosenthal rises to move for an adjournment in a case which he has had adjourned for three months.

"I deny the motion," says the Justice.

"Well, it's fortunate that there are other civil courts in this city," replies Rosenthal, and he begins a rather personal remark, when Justice Steckler tells him to sit down and keep quiet.

He sits down for a moment, then goes out into the hall. There he meets five other lawyers and gets in a row.

"You're a liar!" "What's that?" "You're a —— liar!" are expressions which float into the court-room. Prof. MacNichol rushes out and sits on the legal fraternity.

Quiet being restored, the case of Rest against Schalansky is called. Joseph Rest is a tinsmith (of twenty years' experience). He lived in Providence, and seeing an advertisement of Moses Schalansky for help, came to New York and was engaged, he said, at $9 a week. He worked for two weeks and Schalansky paid him $4. Hence the suit.

Schalansky said he engaged the man at $3 a week, and as he did not work quite two weeks he paid him only $4.

Justice Steckler gave the plaintiff the benefit of the doubt and a judgment for $14. He told Schalansky that he ought to know better than to make people believe that he could get a tinsmith of twenty years' experience at $3 a week; $9 was not a cent too much. Exit Rest and Schalansky.

The clock now marks 10.30, and Mr. Loeb enters R. U. E. and comes up stage. He is disguised in the new suit. The coat is inclined to reach the top of his head. He sits down and removes his hat. The vest does not fit him like the paper on the wall, but wrinkles and is too short.

More evidence is heard, and Loeb says he is willing to compromise with his brother-in-law, but Cohen will not compromise, and Justice Steckler reserves his decision. The doubtful parties to the suit make their escape.

A jury of six intelligent men is summoned, and the case of Pollatschek against Fried is called. The lawyers address the jury and the taking of evidence is begun.

Max Pollatschek was a jeweller at 17 John street, and in December Ignatz Fried bought his good-will and business. The plaintiff claimed that Fried owed him $100. He said that $25 was for rent in December and $75 for his share of the December sweeps. The sweeps were particles of precious metals swept up in the shop or found in the wash-basins after the workmen had cleaned up.

The defendant acknowledged the rent, but denied the agreement to divide the sweeps. He did not know the value of the sweeps, as they had not been returned from the refiners. During November the sweeps were worth $200.

After the lawyers had argued, the witnesses had testified and both sides had been thoroughly heard, Justice Steckler charged the jury and the six intelligent citizens were escorted to the jury-room amid suppressed applause.

It was nearing 12 o'clock. As the hand stole on to the black dot that marked the hour of noon, and as the neighboring whistles blew, the jury returned and rendered their verdict—$67.50 for Mr. Max Pollatschek.

Thus three hours passed in the Fourth Judicial District Civil Court. Then THE EVENING WORLD reporter took his hat from under a seat and went out.

No Use to Him.
[From Life.]

Book Agent (to one of the "several times" a millionaire lumber "Barons" of Michigan)—Let me show you, sir, the New American Encyclopedia——

Lumber—No; never mind. I am very busy to-day——

Agent—But it will surely require little time to examine——

Lumber—No, no; I tell you I am very busy! And if I weren't I couldn't ride one of the infernal things any way.

Laying Pipe.
[From Tid-Bits.]

Mrs. Hennessy—James Hennessy, yez have been drinkin'!

Mr. Hennessy—Sorra th' dhrop.

Mrs. Hennessy—For phat and for phy, thin, do yez stagger like a lem goose?

Mr. Hennessy—Oi hev the appintment av cellksper at the City Harl, an' it's phracticing Oi am, so as to mek th' phlain drunks fale kind o' brotherly wid me.

THE PARISH OF ST. ANTHONY.

Established for Italians and Under the Care of the Reformed Franciscans.

It was in 1859 that the Rev. Father Sanguinetti, a zealous Italian priest, first attempted to organize an Italian parish in this city. He secured the use of an old church building in Canal street and endeavored to gather his scattered countrymen around him. The mission was carried on for nearly a year, but was finally abandoned for want of support.

FATHER ANACLETUS.

Father Leo Pacilio, O. S. F., who was sent to New York in 1866 by the Very Rev. Father Pamphilus da Magliano, Provincial and the head of the Franciscan College at Alleghany, at the request of the Archbishop, was the next to take up the good work. In selecting the site for a church prudence suggested economy, and finding in Sullivan street a Methodist church on leasehold property which could be purchased on reasonable terms he secured it and soon had it in readiness for the dedication, which took place April 10, 1866, Archbishop McCloskey officiating. The parish was named after St. Anthony of Padua.

A convent of the Franciscan monks was established at St. Anthony's by Father Leo, and though the church was opened mainly to benefit the Italians of the city, its congregation contains many Irish people, and for this reason there have always been several Irish fathers connected with the church besides the Italian fathers.

The present rector, the Rev. Father Anacletus, O. S. F., has during the eleven years of his pastorship won the esteem and admiration of all his parishioners. His successful administration of the affairs of the church is the source of great pride among his people, while his financial ability is unquestioned.

On Jan. 31, 1882, he purchased the ground in Sullivan street upon which the new church and monastery stand, and after many years of hard labor and great economy he has now the gratification of anticipating the speedy completion of the structure, which, when finished, will be one of the finest Catholic churches in New York.

The building is 200 feet long by 75 feet wide, and within and without is Roman in the style of its architecture. The ornamentation throughout is rich and artistic and the building promises when completed to be a magnificent monument of Christian art. It will have a seating capacity of 1,500.

The lower church, which is capable of seating 1,200 persons, was opened on April 3, 1887, and was blessed by Archbishop Corrigan, who on the same day blessed the peal of bells which now hang in the bell tower, as well as each room and corridor in the new monastery, which was then opened for the first time. It is a splendid building, four stories high, fronting on Thompson street, just in the rear of the church.

The Rev. Father Anacletus, through whose instrumentality these benefits have been secured to the Italians of New York, is a member of the Order of Reformed Franciscans, which was established in this country in 1855, and which has a college at Alleghany, N. Y. He was born June 2, 1837, in the village of Roccogogna, in Italy, and his family name is De Angelis. At the age of eighteen he renounced the world and entered a convent of the Franciscan Order at Rome, where he continued his theological studies for three years. In December, 1865, he came to America and was connected with various missions in New York for several years. He was then successively guardian of the convents of the Order of St. Francis at Alleghany, Winsted, Conn., and St. Anthony's, in this city, being appointed rector of the last-named parish in 1877.

His present assistants at St. Anthony's are Father Bernardine McCabe, O. S. F.; Father Julius Ab Arpino, O. S. F.; Father Daniel Blasi; Father Pamphilus Ennis, O. S. F., and Father James Dolan, O. S. F.

Connected with the church are the Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Italian Benevolent Society of St. Anthony, the Society of the Sacred Heart, and several Italian temperance societies and sodalities for the young people.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

His Health Was Delicate.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Lady of the House—Now that the servant has given you a lunch in the kitchen, you will shovel the snow off the sidewalk, will you not?

Tramp—I would like to oblige you, madam, but really, I cannot.

"Why not?"

"My physician has forbidden me to handle anything cold, except cold victuals. Au revoir."

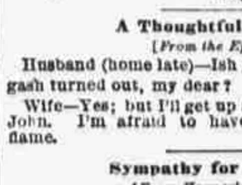
She Knew Him.
[From Tid-Bits.]

"My husband, I know, will never jump over the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Why?"

"There are no saloons to stop at on the way down."

One Better.
[From Life.]



"Oh, Maud, what do you think? My canary bird has laid a egg!"

"That ain't nothin' much; my pa laid two stair carpets yesterday!"

A Thoughtful Spouse.
[From the Epoch.]

Husband (home late)—Ish you (hic) ready t' have gash turned out, my dear?

Wife—Yes; but I'll get up and turn it out myself, John. I'm afraid to have you get so near the flame.

Sympathy for the Sick.
[From Harper's Bazar.]

Funny Man (of Chicago daily)—A sudden feeling of nausea has come over me. It must be something I've eaten."

Horse Editor (sympathetically)—Possibly it's something you have written.

Protection and Free Trade.
[From Life.]

Bagley—Gagley, me boy, I'm blawsted sorry to see you've turned out a rank Protectionist. You were with us once, ye know.

Gagley—I know it; but that infernal English accent you brought over last trip has settled it. No more free imports for me.

A Suggestion.
[From Tid-Bits.]

Manager—Your play's a daisy, Mrs. Keene, but you've left out a boss situation that would draw like blazes.

Mrs. Keene—What is that, sir?

Manager—Why, the whole play's about a member of the Stewart family, named Mary, and you don't get in a word 'bout robbin' the old man's body.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

COAL, KEROSENE, KINDLINGS AND SUGAR ALL GOING UP IN PRICE.

The Rise Affects the Retail Dealers First, and then Reaches the Poor People, with Whom Pennies Are Scarcer Just Now than They Have Been for Some Time—More Talks with Retail Merchants.

Everything in the way of necessaries seems to be going up in price. Coal, kerosene, kindlings and sugar show an advance all along the line. THE EVENING WORLD's talks with retail dealers show that monopoly is making itself felt in many ways among the poor of the city.

Nicholas Rose owns a neat and well-stocked grocery at 125 West Thirty-second street. He employs several clerks, one of whom said: "We sell coal only by the bushel, and charge 30 cents for that quantity. That is the highest we have charged for coal this winter, and even if the larger dealers raise on us again we shall continue to sell at that price. The people can't afford to pay more."

A. Wiener, of 230 West Thirty-second street, said: "I sell coal at 9 cents per pail, or 28 cents per bushel. For sugar I have lately got 26 cents for three and a half pounds. Potatoes are 22 cents for a half peck. Oh, yes, everything is a great deal higher this year than last. Why, last year at this time I could buy for $80 what I now have to pay $100 for. I figured that up the other day, and it's right."

Herman Reison keeps a grocery store at 269 Elizabeth street. His clerk said: "Our customers are all poor, and, worse still, many of them are out of work. Of course we sell mostly in small quantities. Just now we get six cents for a half a pail of coal and eight cents for a quart of potatoes."

As the clerk finished an elderly, poorly dressed woman came in.

"Powerful cold, ain't it? This is the kind of weather to use up coal," she said, and, counting out six pennies, she laid them on the counter. "Will, I've got a pail outside, and want some coal—good measure, too."

Quite a pretentious establishment is the grocery store of H. H. Becker, at the corner of Mott and Houston streets. Mr. Becker's clerk is a wide-awake young man and certainly knows his business. "It's a little dull," he said, "after the holidays, but business is picking up some now and we have no cause to complain. We don't sell coal; there is no profit in it nowadays. The rise in kindling wood affects us more than our customers. We used to pay $1.60 per 100 bundles. It now costs us $1.90, but we have not changed the price to our customers—two bundles for five cents. We sell in small quantities, but do not give credit."

The grocery store of Henry Hanke is at 266 Elizabeth street. Mr. Hanke's clerk said: "Business is middling. The rise of one cent in kerosene is affecting the poor people around here, to whom one cent means a great deal. Kindling wood, too, has gone up. It is very rarely that we get orders for over three and one-half pounds of flour, a peck of potatoes, or a pail of coal at one time. We deal a good deal in canned goods. To certain customers we give credit."

Compliments from Philadelphia.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On my way home from work one night last week at 6 o'clock I concluded to invest a cent in THE EVENING WORLD, and found it was as fascinating as the Sunday WORLD. I find myself now unable to pass the news-stand without a copy every evening. I must say, furthermore, that I think you will gain a large circulation in Philadelphia when it becomes known to everybody what capital little stories you are publishing in your wonderful little sheet, all for a cent. I wish you the best of success.

WM. SIMPSON.

Jan. 23. 316 Cherry street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Evening World" in Washington.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—At 8 o'clock this evening the quiet precincts of Newspaper Row were startled by the advent of a dozen small boys carrying bundles of papers and yelling in stentorian tones, New York EVENING WORLD. The appearance of the paper, which came through on time by special train, created a decided sensation. It is the first New York evening paper that ever reached here on the day of publication. The edition sent to this city was quickly exhausted, while praise was heard on all sides for the enterprise exhibited.

The Best Place.
[From Harper's Bazar.]

Foreman—In what column shall I put the account of the man who fell and broke his backbone?

Editor (busy writing a leader)—Spinal column, of course.